

The life of Mary Syge Lord.

The Little Singer.

In the year of 1870 there lived a little family
In a peaceful little country which we all
know, by its beautiful Alps, And ice-glaciers
Switzerland, this family had three little boys
named John, George and Jack.
And then a little baby girl was born July 24, 1871.
They were all very happy for this little girl.
And named her Mary, I was the little girl.
My brothers were so glad to have a little sister
as I grew a little older, they wanted to buy me
all kinds of things, But my parents did not
have very much money.
And every thing was very expensive.
They all loved each other very much.
But above all they loved their beautiful little sister
with black curly hair.
My mother loved to comb my black curly hair.

The day I became two $\frac{1}{2}$ years old.
A baby brother arrived in our home.
And was named William.
When my brother was born, my sweet Angel
mother was taken away from us.
My father tried to take care of us, children the best
he could.
But my father had to go to work, He took my brother
Jack with him, And my two other brothers would try
to take care of me.

Just across the street lived another family.
They also had a little girl the same age as I was.
Her name was Alice Smith.
I loved her very much, her mother Mrs. Smith.

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He loved her very much, her mother Mrs. Smith.

But when it started to get dark and the stars began to shine then we would go home. Always thinking that the first star was our Angel mother. When I began to get sleepy my brothers would put me to bed. Finally my father thought we weren't taken care of enough.

So he decided to get married again to Elizabeth Thresher.

But matters got worse instead of better. So now when a new mother steps in the little children were sent out most of the day. In the winter time it was very cold. Our feet would get frozen quite bad, at night when we came in to get a little supper, a piece of dry bread and a glass of milk, would be all we had. When we were done with our supper, my brothers John and George would take me to my bedroom. I would undress, all but my stockings wouldn't come off my feet, because they were sore from the frost.

So my father took us away, and put us in a home of some other people, named Walgreen. Two years when by now I was six years old. I started to go to school we lived just two blocks from the baptism church every morning the bells would ring for a long time.

In the spring when I was seven years old. I had to carry potatoes all day till I got too tired. A lot of times I sat on the cellar steps thinking why we couldn't have had our dear mother with us.